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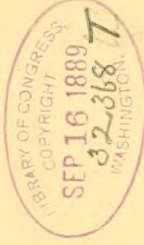
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PR 1176
57, 1890

THE SELECTIONS IN THIS CALENDAR FROM THE WRITINGS OF ALDRICH, CAREY, COOKE, EMERSON,
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1890.
January

Robert Browning.



Day !

Faster and more fast,
O'er night's brim, day boils at last ;
Boils, pure gold, o'er the cloud cup's brim
Where spurting and supprest it lay.

Thy fitful sunshine minutes, coming, going,
In which earth turns from work in gamesome
mood—
All shall be mine.

JANUARY.

For, Day, my holiday, if thou ill-usest
Me, who am only Pippa—old year's sorrow
Cast off last night, will come again to-morrow—
Whereas, if thou prove gentle, I shall borrow
Sufficient strength of thee for New-Year's sorrow.

Every one knows for what his excellence
Will serve, but no one ever will consider
For what his worst defect might serve.

What I might have become, and never was,
Regret with me ; what I have merely been,
Rejoice I am no longer ; what I seem
Beginning now, in my new state, to be,
Hope that I am.

The valley level has its hawks, no doubt :
May not the rock-top have its eagles too ?

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Oliver Wendell Holmes.

Truants from love, we dream of wrath ;
Oh, rather let us trust the more !
Through all the windings of the path
We still can see our Father's door !

The inner world of thought and the outer
world of events are alike in this, that they are
both brimful.

The noblest service comes from nameless hands,
And the best servant does his work unseen.

What if another heed the beacon light
I set upon the rock that wrecked my keel,—
Have I not done my task and served my kind ?

This is a manly world we live in. Our reverence
is good for nothing, if it does not begin
with self-respect.

Every event that a man would master must be
mounted on the run, and no man ever caught the
reins of a thought, except as it galloped by him.

Apology is only egotism wrong side out.

1890.
January

1822-1888.

Matthew Arnold.

Calm Soul of all things ! make it mine
To feel, amid the city's jar,
That there abides a peace of Thine
Man did not make, and cannot mar.

The will to neither strive nor cry,
The power to feel what others give.
Calm, calm me more ! nor let me die
Before I have begun to live.

The good we need is ever close to us though
we attain it not.

Time has no indulgence ; any veils of illusion
which we may have left around an object because
we loved it, Time is sure to strip away.

But what is the due and eternal result of labor,
righteousness, veracity ?—Happiness.

For we are all like swimmers in the sea,
Poised on the top of a huge wave of fate,
Which hangs uncertain to which side to fall.

We know not, and no search will make us know ;
Only the event will teach us in its hour.

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1860.
January

Martin Farquhar Tupper.

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Man liveth only in himself, but the Lord liveth
in all things ;
And His pervading unity quickeneth the whole
creation.

Purity of motive and nobility of mind shall
rarely condescend
To prove its rights, and prate of wrongs, or
evidence its worth to others.

Man talketh of himself as ignorant, but
judgeth by himself as wise.

Speech is the golden harvest that followeth the
flowering of thought ;
Yet oftentimes runneth to husk, and the grains
be withered and scanty ;
Speech is reason's brother, and a kingly preroga-
tive of man,
That likeneth him to his Maker, who spake, and
it was done.

A man is helpless and unsafe up to the measure
of his ignorance.

Blunted unto goodness is the heart which anger
never stirreth,
But that which hatred swelleth, is keen to carve
out evil.

Will not a man listen ? be silent ; and prove
thy maxim by example.

1860.
January

1820-1881.

George Eliot.

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SATURDAY

1

Discords quenched by meeting harmonies
Die in the large and charitable air ;
And all the rarer, truer, better self—
That better self—shall live.

Our deeds determine us, as much as we determine our deeds.

One's character may be very differently mirrored in the mind of the intimate neighbor ; it all depends on the quality of that gentleman's reflecting surface.

Enveloped in a common mist, we seem to walk in clearness ourselves, and behold only the mist that enshrouds others.

Humor draws its materials from situations and characteristics ; wit seizes on unexpected and complex relations.

Men's minds have no hiding-place out of themselves—their affectations do but betray another phase of their own nature.

FEBRUARY.

Bad literature of the sort called amusing is spiritual gin.

February 1890.

1831-1886.

Paul Hamilton Hayne.

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Creds fall, shrines perish ! " Still " (her instinct saith)

" Still the soul lives ; the soul must conquer death !

Hold fast to God, and God shall hold thee fast ! "

True faith goes hand in hand with power.

Then must your faith be winged above the world,
the world, the God,

To own the veiled infinitudes, and plumbless
depths of God !

Is happiness a plant of mortal birth,
Which, shrewdly cultured, grows in gracious
earth ?

Rather a heavenly glory, or bright dew
Slipped from the bosom of the cloudless blue.

What ! snowing yet ? The landscape waxes
pale.

The bliss for which our spirits pine,

That bliss we feel shall yet be given—

Somehow, in some far realm divine,

Some marvelous state we name a heaven.

Sad mortal ! couldst thou but know

What truly it means to die,

The wings of thy soul would glow,

And the hopes of thy heart beat high.

1890.
February

1775-1834.

Charles Lamb.

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SATURDAY
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The cheerful Sabbath bells, wherever heard
Strike pleasant on the sense, most like the voice
Of one who on the far-off hills proclaims
Tidings of good to Zion.

There is no law to judge of the lawless, or
canon by which a dream may be criticized.

And who has one good year in three
And yet repines at destiny,
Appears unmindful in the case,
And merits not the good he has.

The more laughable blunders a man shall com-
mit in your company, the more tests he giveth
you, that he will not betray or overreach you.

Truth explain'd is to suspicion
Evermore the best physician.

Hail to thy returning festival, Old Bishop Val-
entine! Great is thy name in the rubric, thou
venerable Arch-flamen of Hymen! Immortal
Go-between, who, and what manner of person art
thou?

Not many sounds in life, and I include all
urban and rural sounds, exceed in interest a
knock at the door.

1860.
February

George William Curtis.

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Only he who fully knows the worth of what he renounces gains the true blessing of renunciation.

What may be learned in the cultivation of good manners must be acquired in the school of experience.

There may be entire kindness with great boorishness, but there can be no fine manner without tact.

Our American masters of literature show us that genius is not dissipation and shiftlessness and the want of self-restraint. * * * They have taught us that genius is also conscience, good sense, self-command, and intelligent patriotic spirit.

There is a fatal tendency to estimate conduct by the meanest motives when a good one is very obvious and most probable.

If our friendships must be kept in repair by care and attention, so must the simplicity and purity of the language.

The value of Washington to his country transcends that of any other man to any land.

1890.
February

ROSE TERRY COOKE.

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SATURDAY
1

Strong is the patience of our Father's care
My brother! my belov'd! and o'er thy way
Watch eyes of human tenderness and prayer,
'Take courage!—on the mountains breaketh
day.

God sends us each to suit our need.

Give! as the morning that flows out of heaven;
Give! as the waves when their channel is riven;
Give! as the free air and sunshine are given;
Lavishly, utterly, carelessly give.

Never comes the chance that passed,
That one moment was its last:
Though thy life upon it hung,
Though thy death beneath it swung.

In part we prophesy. The restless heart
Sees through the veil of this mysterious life
Some shadows of the life to come.

Now falls a cloud of sailing snow,
The bitter winds of winter blow,
No blossom dares its cup to show—
Earth folds them in her breast.

MARCH.

Blessed be nothing, if man might choose,
For he who hath it hath naught to lose,
Nothing to fear from flood or fire;
All things to hope for and desire

1890.
March

John Ruskin.

The sin of the whole world is essentially the sin of Judas. Men do not disbelieve their Christ; but they sell Him.

The moment we can use our possessions to any good purpose ourselves, the instinct of communicating that use to others rises side by side with our power.

Modesty is so pleased with other people's doings that she has no leisure to lament her own.

A man taught to plough, row, or steer well, and a woman taught to cook properly, and make a dress neatly, are already educated in many essential moral habits.

All one's life is a music, if one touches the notes rightly and in time. But there must be no hurry. * * * 'There's no music in a 'rest.' * * * but there's the making of music in it.

Do not strive to do what you feel to be above your strength. God requires that of no man.

Do not think of your faults; still less of others' faults: in every person who comes near you, look for what is good and strong; honor that; rejoice in it; and, as you can, try to imitate it, and your faults will drop off, like dead leaves, when their time comes.

1860. March

1759-1805.

Johann C. F. Schiller.

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Truth is more than a dream and a song ;
Pardon him who confesses his wrong.

Joy, from Truth's pure and lambent fires,
Smiles out upon the ardent seeker.

'Then bravely tread this life, ye millions—
Bear this for that beyond the sod,
Assured that o'er the star-pavilions
Reward awaits with God.

In war, in battle,
A moment is decisive ; on the spot
Must be determin'd, in the instant done.

Man's innate greatness, like a spectre frights
them ;
Their poverty seems safety ; with base skill
They ornament their chains, and call it virtue
To wear them with an air of grace.

Seize what you can : the times are hard ; one
needs

To snatch enjoyment nimbly while it passes.

Few can rule themselves, can use
Their wisdom wisely : happy for the whole
Where there is one among them that can be
A centre and a hold for many thousands.

1890.
March

1804-1876.

George Sand.

SUNDAY-

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Guard within yourself that treasure, kindness.
Know how to give without hesitation, how to
lose without regret, how to acquire without
meanness.

Work, be strong and proud ; despise the little
troubles supposed to belong to your age. Re-
serve your strength of resistance for deeds and
facts that are worth the effort.

Let the realists, if they like, go on proclaiming
that all is prose, and the idealists that all is poetry.
The last will have their rainy days, the first their
days of sunshine.

Art belongs to all countries and to all time,
and its special good is to live on when all else
seems to be dying.

Nothing confirms us in egotism like reflection.

Know how to replace in your heart by the
happiness of those you love, the happiness that
may be wanting to yourself.

Keep the hope of another life. It is there
that mothers meet their sons again. Love all
God's creatures. Forgive those who are ill-con-
ditioned, resist those who are unjust.

1890.
March

1205-1321.

DANTE.

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O Thou Almighty Father, who dost make
The heavens thy dwelling, not in bounds confin'd,
But that with love intenser there Thou view'st
Thy primal effluence, hallowed by Thy name.

May thy kingdom's peace
Come unto us ; for we, unless it come,
With all our striving thither tend in vain.

O fond anxiety of mortal men !
How vain and inconclusive arguments
Are those, which make thee beat thy wings below !

Be ye more staid
O Christians, not, like feather, by each wind
Removable ;

Knowledge comes
Of learning well retain'd, unfruitful else.

Reader ! I would not that amaz'd thou miss
Of thy good purpose, hearing how just God
Decrees our debts be cancel'd.

“ Fix not thy mind
On one place only,” said the guide below'd,
Who had me pour him on that part where lies
The heart of man.

1890.
March

George Meredith.

'There is nothing like a theory for binding the
wise.

Decide at the outset that temper is fatal to
policy ; hold them with both hands in division.
(One might add, be doubtful of your policy and
repress your temper : it would be to suppose
you wise.

APRIL.

'Then come, merry April, with all thy birds and
beauties !

With thy crescent brows and thy flowery, show-
ery glee !

Come, merry month of the cuckoo and violet !
Come, weeping Loveliness, in all thy blue delight !

No one who aspires to the honorable office of
leading another by the nose can tolerate a party
in his ambition.

Among boys there are laws of honor and chiv-
alous codes, not written or formally taught, but
instinctively understood by all, and invariably
acted upon by the loyal and the true.

Certain is the vengeance of the young upon
monotony ; nothing more certain.

Observers should begin upon the precept that
not all we see is worth hoarding, and that the
things we see are to be weighed in the scale with
what we know of the situation, before we commit
ourselves to a measurement.

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1890.
April

1831-1886.

Heleen Hunt Jackson.

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I love and fear not ; and I cannot lose
One instant, this great certainty of peace.
Long as God ceases not, I cannot cease ;
I must arise.

To doubt, to chafe, to haste, doth God accuse.

No ! ah, never yet
The smallest reckoning was set
Too slow, too fast, by Nature's hand.
Her hours appointed faithful stand.

Ah, sweet sad life, so far today !
Ah, sweet sad life, so near tomorrow !

Can joy be joy when we miss sorrow ?
When earth's last sun has rolled away
In tideless time, and we can say
No more, " Tomorrow," or " Today?"

Grumblers are the only thing in this world
that it is right to grumble at.

Surliness of heart must melt a little under the
simple effort to smile. A man will inevitably be
a little less of a bear for trying to wear the face
of a Christian.

1890.
April

1593-1632.

George Herbert.

Rise, heart; thy Lord is risen. Sing his praise
Without delays,
Who takes thee by the hand, that thou likewise
With Him mayst rise.

Be calm in arguing; for fierceness makes
Error a fault, and truth discourtesy.

How finely dost Thou times and seasons spin,
And make a twist, checkered with night and day!
Which, as it lengthens, winds, and winds us in,
As bowls go on, but turning all the way.

Wit's an unruly engine, wildly striking
Sometimes a friend, sometimes the engineer.

Strength levels grounds, Art makes a garden
there,
Then showers Religion, and makes all to bear.

Who goeth in the way which Christ hath gone,
Is much more sure to meet with Him, than one
That travelleth by-ways.

Every man's censure is first moulded in his
own nature.

1900.
April

Charles Dudley Warner.

It must be that the good deeds of the world outnumber the bad in any given day; and what a good reflex action it would have on society if they could be more fully reported than the bad!

In clouds and fog and rain and snow, and all discouragement, Nature pushes on her forces with progressive haste and rapidity.

Criticism is not necessarily uncharitableness, but a wholesome exercise of our powers of analysis and discrimination.

It's the easiest thing in the world to sit and sneer at eccentricities. But what a dead and uninteresting world it would be if we were all proper and kept within the lines.

Is a person well brought up when she makes persons in her presence feel that they are not?

It is safe to say that a person will never be interesting unless she is interested.

The winter is over. You think so? Robespierre thought the Revolution was over in the beginning of his last Thermidor. He lost his head after that.

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1860.
April

1770-1850.

William Wordsworth.

Help with Thy grace through life's short day
Our upward and our downward way ;
And glorify for us the west,
When we shall sink to final rest.

The world is too much with us, late and soon,
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers ;
Little we see in Nature that is ours ;
We have given our hearts away a sordid boon !

Blue-eyed May

Shall soon behold this border thickly set
With bright jonquils.

Nor will I then thy modest grace forget,
Chaste Snow-drop, venturous harbinger of Spring
And pensive monitor of fleeting years !

MAY.

All nature welcomes Her whose sway
Tempereth the year's extremes.

Hope rules a land forever green :
All powers that serve the bright-eyed Queen
Are confident and gay.

There is a comfort in the strength of Love ;
'Twill make a thing endurable, which else
Would overset the brain, or break the heart.

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1890.
May

Alfred Tennyson.

Thou wilt not leave us in the dust :

'Thou madest man, he knows not why ;

He thinks he was not made to die ;

And thou hast made him : thou art just.

'The years with change advance :

If I make dark my countenance,

I shut my soul from happier chance.

Star to star vibrates light ; may soul to soul

Strike through a finer element of her own ?

O well for him whose will is strong !

He suffers, but he will not suffer long,

He suffers, but he will not suffer wrong.

The peak is high, and the stars are high,

And the thought of a man is higher.

Like souls that balance joy and pain,

With tears and smiles from heaven again

'The maiden Spring upon the plain

Came in a sunlit fall of rain.

We whisper, and hint, and chuckle, and grin at
a brother's shame :

However we brave it out, we men are a little
bred.

1890.
May

1807-1882.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

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SATURDAY

Life is the gift of God, and is divine.

Whene'er a noble deed is wrought,
Whene'er is spoken a noble thought,
Our hearts, in glad surprise,
To higher levels rise.

Thus came the lovely spring with a rush of blossoms and music,
Flooding the earth with flowers, and the air with melodies vernal.

It was a pleasure to breathe the fragrant air of the forest ;
It was a pleasure to live on that bright and happy May morning !

Satan desires us, great and small,
As wheat, to sift us, and we all
Are tempted ;

But noble souls, through dust and heat,
Rise from disaster and defeat
The stronger.

Ah ! what a wondrous thing it is
To note how many wheels of toil
One thought, one word, can set in motion !

Owen Meredith.

If Jesus came to earth again,

And walked and talked, in field and street,
Who would not lay his human pain

Low at those heavenly feet ?

Excuses are clothes which, when ask'd unawares,
Good Breeding to naked Necessity spares.

O Artist, range not over-wide

Lest what thou seek be haply hid
In bramble-blossoms at thy side.

God's glory lies not out of reach,

'The moss we crush beneath our feet,

'The pebbles on the wet sea-beach

Have solemn meanings strange and sweet.

For the blessings Life lends us, it strictly de-
mands

'The worth of their full usufruct at our hands.

Of all good things in this good world around us,
The one most abundantly furnish'd and found us,
And which, for that reason, we least care about,
And can best spare our friends, is good counsel,
no doubt.

Be quiet. 'Take things as they come ;

Each hour will draw out some surprise.

With blessings let the days go home :

Thou shalt have thine taken evenng skies.

1890.
May

1925-1878.

Bayard Taylor.

If I live the life He gave me, God will turn it
to His use.

For each shall give the draught he drains,
Its nectar pure, or poison stains ;
From out His heart the flavor flows
That gives him fury or repose.

Native goodness is unconscious, asks not to be
recognized ;
But its baser affectation is a thing to be despised.

All outward wisdom yields to that within,
Whereof no creed nor canon holds the key ;
We only feel that we have ever been,
And ever more shall be.

Where Right is, already the free are residing ;
And ever, where dwell the free governeth Right.

Sleep, soldiers ! still in honored rest
Your truth and valor wearing ;
The bravest are the tenderest, --
The loving are the daring.

No fear that any poet dies unknown,
Whose songs are written in the hearts that know
And love him.

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1896.
June

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

Everything is upward striving;
'Tis as easy now for the heart to be true
As for grass to be green or skies to be blue,—
'Tis the natural way of living.

Life is a leaf of paper white
Whereon each one of us may write
His word or two—and then comes night.

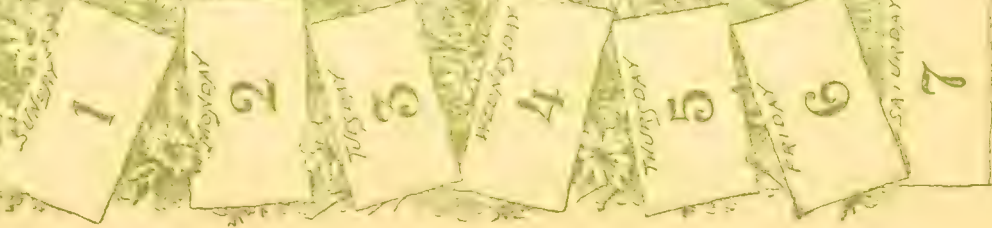
'Though thou have time
But for a line, be that sublime;
Not failure, but low aim is crime.

'There is no work of genius which has not been
the delight of mankind, no word of genius to
which the human heart and soul have not, sooner
or later, responded.

Now is the high-tide of the year.

We may shut our eyes, but we cannot help
^{knowing}
That skies are clear and grass is growing;
The breeze comes whispering in our ear
That dandelions are blossoming near.

Joy comes, grief goes, we know not how;
Everything is happy now.



①

②

1890.
June

1802-1885.

Victor Hugo.

Pray thou, for prayer is infinite—

'Thy faith may give the scorner light,

'Thy prayer forgiveness draw.

Diamonds are only found in the darkness of the earth ; truths are only found in the depths of the thought.

Wrath may be wild and absurd ; a man may be wrongly irritated ; but he is only indignant when he has some show of reason somewhere.

It is certain that one of the sides of virtue leads to pride, and there is a bridge built there by the demon.

Conscience is the chaos of chimeras, envies, and attempts, the furnace of dreams, the lurking-place of ideas we are ashamed of ; it is the pandemonium of sophistry, the battle-field of the passions.

The joy which we inspire has this charming thing about it, that far from being weakened, like ordinary reflections, it returns to us more radiant than before.

The man who fights against his own country is never a hero.

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1899.
June

1749-1832.

Johann W. Goethe.

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SATURDAY

Whoever would do good in the world, ought not to deal in censure. We ought not to destroy, but rather construct.

To fear is easy, but grievous ; to reverence is difficult, but satisfactory.

Make good use of your time, for fast
Time flies, and is forever past ;
To make time for yourself begin
By order—method—discipline.

But as the weaver's work is wrought,
Even so is formed the web of thought.

Nothing is more significant of men's character than what they find laughable.

In vain that through the realms of science you
may drift ;
Each one learns only—just what learn he can ;
Yet he who grasps the moment's gift,
He is the proper man.

Man usually believes, if only words he hears,
That also with them goes material for thinking !

1890.
June

1794-1878.

William Cullen Bryant

Then haste thee, Time—'tis kindness all
That speed's thy wingèd feet so fast ;
Thy pleasures stay not till they fall,
And all thy pains are quickly past.

Thou fliest, and bearest away our woes,
And as thy shadowy train depart,
The memory of sorrow grows
A lighter burthen on the heart.

The sea is mighty, but a mightier sways
His restless billows.

These struggling tides of life that seem
In wayward, aimless course to tend,
Are eddies of the mighty stream
That rolls to its appointed end.

This day hath parted friends
That ne'er before were parted ; it hath knit
New friendships.

Is this a time to be cloudy and sad,
When all is smiling above and around ;
When even the deep blue heavens look glad,
And gladness breathes from the blossoming
ground ?

The things, oh Life ! thou quickenest, all
Strive upward toward the broad bright sky.

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1890.
June

Evel Harte.

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Small is the soul that cannot soar above it,
Cannot but cling to its ever-kindred clay.

If, of all words of tongue or pen,
'The saddest are, "It might have been."

More sad are these we daily see :
"It is, but hadn't ought to be."

JULY.

Brief words, when actions wait, are well.

Women are poets if so you take them,
One-third poet, the rest what chance

Of man and marriage may choose to make them.

There is no quality that courage recognizes so
quickly as courage. There is no condition that
desperation bows before but desperation.

Ah, Love of Country is the secret tie

That binds the world together with one arching sky;
Though brighter paths our peaceful steps ex-
pose—

We meet together at the Nation's door.

All that is false in this world below
Betrays itself in a love of show.

1890.
July

1803-1882.

Ralph Waldo Emerson.

He serves all who dares be true.

Give me health and a day, and I will make the
pomp of emperors ridiculous.

The secret of heaven is kept from age to age.
No imprudent, no sociable, angel ever dropped
an early syllable to answer the longings of saints,
the fears of mortals.

The ornament of a house is the friends who
frequent it.

Manners are happy ways of doing things;
each once a stroke of genius or of love—now re-
peated and hardened into usage. Manners
require time; there is nothing more vulgar than
haste.

Trust thyself! every heart vibrates to that iron
string. Accept the place the Divine Providence
has found for you, the society of your contem-
poraries, the connection of events.

The wise man always throws himself on the
side of his assailants. It is more his interest than
it is theirs to find his weak point.



1890.
July

Jean Ingelow.

Let thy day be to thy night
A teller of good tidings. Let thy praise
Go up as birds go up that, when they wake,
Shake off the dew and soar.

'Tis sometimes natural to be glad
And no man can be always sad
Unless he wills to have it so.

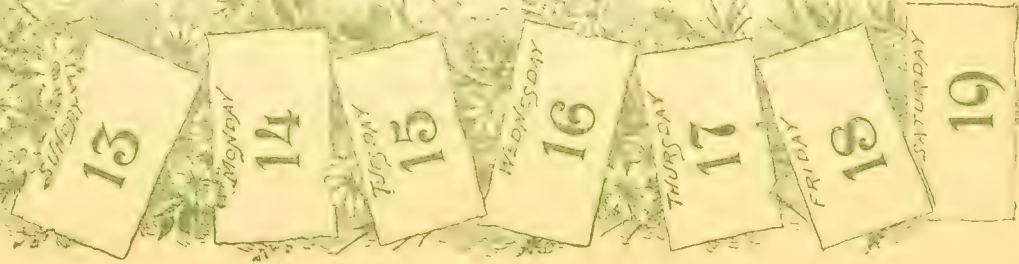
But if one asks, "Art happy?" why, it sets
The thoughts a-working. No, say I, let love,
Let peace and happy folk alone.

Crowds of bees are giddy with clover,
Crowds of grasshoppers skip at our feet,
Crowds of larks at their matins hang over,
Thanking the Lord for a life so sweet.

The possible stands by us ever fresh,
Fairer than aught which any life hath owned.

Learn, that if to thee the meaning
Of all other eyes be shown,
Fewer eyes can ever front thee
That are skilled to read thine own.

Custom make all this seem good content
Is careless.



1860.
July

1795-1881.

Thomas Carlyle.

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There is in Man a higher than Happiness ; he can do without Happiness, and instead thereof find Blessedness.

The most finished efforts of the mind give it little pleasure, frequently they give it pain ; for men's aims are ever far beyond their strength.

Universal philanthropy forms but a precarious and very powerless rule of conduct.

Fame is no sure test of merit, but only a probability of such : it is an accident, not a property, of a man.

For all right judgment of any man or thing, it is useful, nay, essential, to see his good qualities before pronouncing on his bad.

All that is without us will change while we think not of it ; much even that is within us.

Anarchy is destruction ; a burning up, say, of Shams and Insupportabilities ; but which leaves Vacancy behind. Know this also, that out of a world of Unwise nothing but an Unwisdom can be made.

1890.
July

1817-1891.

JAMES T. FIELDS.

If we want light we must conquer darkness.

If I were a boy again I would look on the *cheerful* side of everything, for everything, almost, has a cheerful side.

I once heard it said of a grumbling, unthankful person, "He would have made an uncommonly fine sour apple, if he had happened to be born in that station of life."

Perseverance can sometimes equal genius in its results.

How sweet and gracious, even in common speech,

Is that fine sense which men call Courtesy !

AUGUST.

Wholesome as air and genial as the light,
Welcome in every clime as breath of flowers,—
It transplants aliens into trusting friends,
And gives its owner passport round the globe.

Do not forget that a *useless* life is an early death.

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AUG.



1860.
August

1804-1864.

Nathaniel Hawthorne.

The church bells, with various tones, but all in harmony, were calling out, and responding to one another,—“It is the Sabbath! The Sabbath!—Yea; the Sabbath.”

The world owes all its outward impulses to men ill at ease. The happy man inevitably confines himself within ancient limits.

His words had power because they accorded with his thoughts; and his thoughts had reality and depth, because they harmonized with the life which he had always lived.

Man’s own youth is the world’s youth; at least he feels as if it were, and imagines that the earth’s granite substance is something not yet hardened, and which he can mould into whatever shape he likes.

Next to the lightest heart, the heaviest is apt to be most playful.

As a general rule, Providence seldom vouchsafes to mortals any more than that degree of encouragement which suffices to keep them at a reasonably full exertion of their powers.

Life within doors has few pleasanter prospects than a neatly arranged and well-provisioned breakfast table.

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1890.
August

1775-1904.

Walter Savage Landor.

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Low must be those whom mortal can sink lower,
Nor high are they whom human power can raise.

From our own wisdom less it to be reaped
'Than from the barest folly of our friend.

'There is delight in singing, though none hear
Beside the singer : and there is delight
In praising, though the praiser sit alone
And see the praised far off him, far above.

Oh seek not destined evils to divine,
Found out at last too soon !

Rather what lies before my feet
My notice shall engage.
He who hath braved youth's dizzy heat
Dreads not the frost of age.

Amid her darkest caverns most retired,
Nature calls forth her filial elements
To close around and crush that monster *voil*.

Wait : praise him when time hath given
A soundness and consistency to praise :
He shares it amply who bestows it right.

1890.
August

Lyof N. Tolstoi.

The kingdom of God upon earth consists in this, that all men should be at peace with one another.

As fire cannot extinguish fire, so evil cannot suppress evil. Good alone, confronting evil and resisting its contagion, can overcome evil.

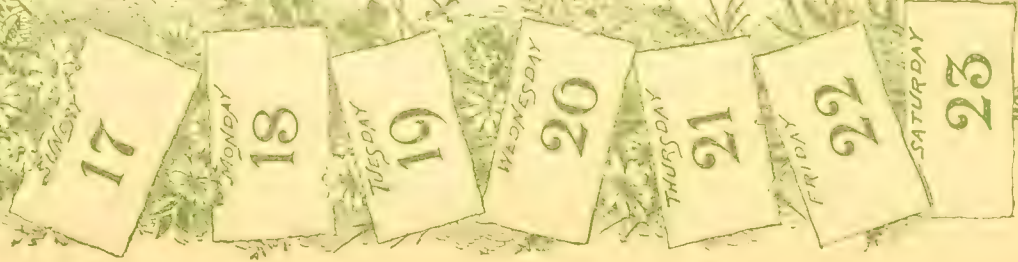
Life is the mill which man desires to investigate. The mill is required to grind well, life is necessary only in order that it may be good.

As is it impossible to approach an object from all sides at once, so it is impossible to study the phenomena of life from all sides and at once.

Men are the builders of their own destiny, and more especially of the destiny of their children.

You will find, perhaps to your surprise, that nine-tenths of all human suffering endured by man is useless, and ought not to exist; that, in fact, the majority of men are martyrs to the doctrine of the world.

Faith is the appreciation of good and evil.



1890.
August

Constance Fennimore Woolson.

Years of faithfulness, even as a child, are not thrown away, but yield, thank Heaven! a strength at last in times of trial.

It is easy to be humble when a greater is preferred; but when an inferior is lifted high above our heads, how can we bear it?

Some persons pass through all of life without strong temptations; not having deep feelings, they are likewise exempt from deep sins. These pass for saints.

I hold

Those lives far nobler that contend and win
The close, hard fight with beautiful, fierce Sin

The constant presence of a mystery is particularly trying to the New England mind.

Written words are not the artist's colors; they can never paint the portrait which all the world can see.

It is always hard for the young to learn the lesson of human weakness. It is strange and humiliating to them to discover that there are powers within them stronger than their own wills.

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1866.
August

1603-1674.

John Milton.

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Join voices, all ye living souls ; ye birds,
That singing up to heaven's gate ascend,
Bear on your wings and in your notes His praise.

SEPTEMBER.

So little knows

Any but God alone, to value right
'The good before him, but perverts best things
'To worse abuse, or to their meanst use.

What though the field be lost ?

All is not lost.

For neither man nor me, I own of earth.

Hypocrisy, the only evil that walks

Invisible, except to God alone,

By His permissive will, through heav'n and
earth ;

And oft though wisdom wake, suspicion sleeps

At wisdom's gate, and to simplicity

Resigns her charge, while goodness thinks no ill

Where no ill seems.

If you let slip time, like a neglected rose

It withers on the stalk with languish'd head.

But what is strength, without a double share

Of wisdom, vast, unwieldy, burdensome,

Proudly secure, yet liable to fall

By weakest subtleties.

1899.
September

Richard Watson Gilder.

'Through love to light ! ' Through light O God,
, to thee
Who art the Love of love, the eternal Light of
light.

He alone is the perfect giver
Who swears that his gift is nought ;
And he is the sure receiver
Who gains what he never sought.

Where man calls man his brother,
And loves as himself another,
Christ lives.

"Give me a theme," the little poet cried,
"And I will do my part."
"Tis not a theme you need," the world replied ;
"You need a heart."

How deepening bright like mounting flame doth
burn

The golden rod upon a thousand hills.

Each moment holy is, for out from God
Each moment flashes forth a human soul.
Holy each moment is, for back to Him
Some wandering soul each moment home returns

Autumn days

'To me not melancholy are, but full
Of joy, and hope mysterious and high,
And with strange promise rife.

1890.
September

1809-1881.

Elizabeth B. Browning.

God keeps his holy mysteries

Just on the outside of man's dream !

Methinks we do as fretful children do,
Leaning their faces on the window-pane
'T'o sigh the glass dim with their own breath's
stain,

And shut the sky and landscape from their view.

O man, my brother ! hold thy sobbing breath,
And keep thy soul's large window free from
wrong,—

You who keep account

Of crisis and transition in this life,

Set down the first time Nature says plain 'no'

T'o some 'yes' in you, and walks over you

In gorgeous sweeps of scorn.

The least flower with a brimming cup, may stand
And share its dewdrop with another near.

In the pleasant orchard closes

"God bless all our gains," say we ;

But "May God bless all our losses,"

Better suits with our degree.

Oh, the little birds sang east, and the little birds
sang west,

And I smiled to think God's breathes flowed
around our incompleteness,—

Round our restlessness, His rest.

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1890.
September

1836-1879.

Frances R. Havergal.

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Teach us, Master, how to give

All we have and are to Thee ;

Grant us, Saviour, while we live,

Wholly, only, Thine to be.

Dialects of love are many,

Though the language be but one ;

Study all you can, or any,

While life's precious school hours run.

Try to understand your neighbour,

And you will be understood.

Only a word of command, but it loses or wins
the field ;

Only a stroke of the pen, but a heart is broken or
healed.

Only a step may sever, pole-wide, future and
past ;

Only a touch may rivet links which for life shall
last.

Press on, though summer waneth,

And falter not, nor fear,

For God can make the Autumn

The glory of the year.

Not in stature and learning alone we grow.

1896.
September

Edwin Arnold.

Before beginning, and without an end,

As space eternal and as surety sure,

Is fixed a Power divine which moves to good,

Only its laws endure.

Govern the lips

As they were palace doors, the king within.

Have good-will

To all that lives, letting unkindness die

And greed and wrath; so that your lives be made

Like soft airs passing by.

OCTOBER.

Bear not false witness, slander not, nor lie;

Truth is the speech of inward piety.

Lo ! as hid seed shoots after rainless years,

So good and evil, pains and pleasures, hates

And loves, and all dead deeds come forth again

Bearing bright leaves or dark, sweet fruit or sour.

Give freely and receive, but take from none

By greed, or force, or fraud, what is his own.

What good gift hath my brothers, but it came

From search and strife and loving sacrifice ?

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October
1890.

Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

We often fail by searching far and wide
For what lies close at hand.

The chestnuts shine through the cloven rind,
And the woodland leaves are red, my dear ;
The scarlet fuchsias burn in the wind —
Funeral plumes for the year.

Great thoughts in crude, inadequate verse set
forth,
Lose half their preciousness, and ever must.
Unless the diamond with its own rich dust
Be cut and polished, it seems little worth.

I hold that neither author nor actor can touch
the hearts of others except with his own heart.

Day is a snow-white Dove of Heaven

That from the East glad message brings ;

Night is a stealthy, evil Raven,

Wrapped to the eyes in his black wings.

October turned my maple's leaves to gold ;

The most are gone now, here and there one
lingers ;

Soon these will slip from out the twig's weak hold,
Like coins between a dying miser's fingers.

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1860.
October

1811-1863.

W. M. Thackeray.

If you take temptations into account, who is to say that he is better than his neighbour ?

Gentlemen,—men whose aims are generous, whose truth is constant, and not only constant in its kind but elevated in its degree; whose want of meanness makes them simple; who can look the world honestly in the face with an equal manly sympathy for the great and the small.

As they say the persons who hate Irishmen most are Irishmen, so, assuredly, the greatest tyrants over women are women.

There are things we do and know perfectly well in Vanity Fair, though we never speak of them; as the Ahrimaniacs worship the Devil, but don't mention him.

And ever since historian writ,

And ever since a bard could sing,

Doth each extol with all his wit

The noble art of murdering.

How very weak the very wise,

How very small the very great are !

It is all vanity, to be sure ; but who will not own to liking a little of it ? I should like to know what well-constituted mind, merely because it is transitory, dislikes roast beef ?

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1890.
October

George MacDonald.

Our knowledge of humanity, how much more
our knowledge of the Father of it, is moving as
yet but in the first elements.

Would that the days of our human autumn
were as calmly grand, as gorgeously hopeful as
the days that lead the aging year down to the
grave of winter !

I admit that the best things are the common-
est, but the highest types and best combinations
of them are the rarest.

As you will hear some people read poetry so
that no mortal could tell it was poetry, so do
some people read their own lives and those of
others.

Be noble—that is more than wealth ;
Do right—that's more than place.

It is God who gives thee thy mirror of imagin-
ation, and if thou keep it clean, it will give thee
back no shadow but the truth. Never a cry of
love went forth from human heart but it found
some heavenly chord to fold it in.

There is great power in quiet, for God is in it.

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1890.
October

1822-1871.

ALICE CARY.

We seek in prayers and penances
To do the martyr's part,
Remembering not, the promises
Are to the pure in heart.

Shorter and shorter now the twilight clips
'The days, as through the sunset gates they crowd

Not what God gives, but what He takes,
Uplifts us to the holiest height ;
On truth's rough crags life's current breaks
'To diamond light.

Trust hearsay less ; seek more to prove
And know if things be what they seem.

The glance that doth thy neighbor doubt
Turn thou, O man, within,
And see if it will not bring out
Some unsuspected sin.

Be not troubled about many things,
Fear often hath no whit of substance in it.

NOVEMBER.

We get back our mete as we measure—
We cannot do wrong and feel right,
Nor can we give pain and gain pleasure,
For justice avenges each slight.

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1890.
November

1771-1832.

Sir Walter Scott.

'Then let the short-lived thing, called man,
Whose life's comprised within a span,
'To Him his homage raise.

Where's the coward that would not dare
'To fight for such a land?

Forward, brave champions, to the fight!
Sound trumpets!—

God defend the right!

Thus oft it haps, that when within
'They shrink at sense of secret sin,
A feather daunts the brave.

No longer Autumn's glowing red
Upon our forest hills is shed.

The sheep, before the pinching heaven
'To sheltered dale and down are driven,
Where yet some faded herbage pines,
And yet a watery sunbeam shines.

Yet now, days, weeks and months but seem
The recollection of a dream,
So still we glide down to the sea
Of fathomless eternity.

November
1890.

John Greenleaf Whittier.

O, Holy Father!—just and true

Are all thy works and words and ways
And unto Thee alone are due

Thanksgiving and eternal praise!

Man judges from a partial view,
None ever yet his brother knew.

Unheard, because our ears are dull
Unseen, because our eyes are dim,
He walks the earth, 'The Wonderful,
And all good deeds are done to Him.

The creed may be wrong, but the life may be
true,
And hearts beat alike under drab coats or blue.

Give and receive; go forth and bless

The world that needs the hand and heart
Of Martha's helpful carefulness,
No less than Mary's better part.

God's ways seem dark, but, soon or late,
They touch the shining hills of day.

Search thine own heart. What paineth thee
In others, in thyself may be;
All dust is frail, all flesh is weak;
Be thou the true man thou dost seek!



November
1860.

1564-1616.

William Shakespeare.

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If when you make your prayers,
God should be as obdurate as yourselves,
How should it fare with your immortal souls?

One good deed dying tongueless,
Slaughters a thousand waiting upon that.
Our praises are our wages.

Weed your better judgments
Of all opinion that grows rank in them.

What stronger breast-plate than a heart un-
tainted!

Thrice is he armed that hath his quarrel just;
And he but naked, though lock'd up in steel,
Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted.

O Lord, that lends me life,
Lend me a heart replete with thankfulness.

"Are we not brothers?"

"So man and man should be;
But clay and clay differs in dignity,
Whose dust is both alike."

That we would do,
We should do when we would; for this "would" changes

And hath abatements and delays as many
As there are tongues, are hands, are accidents.

November
1890.

1798-1824.

Lord Byron.

Father ! no prophet's laws I seek ;

Thy laws in Nature's works appear ;—

I own myself corrupt and weak ;

Yet will I pray, for Thou wilt hear !

DECEMBER.

A man must serve his time to every trade

Save censure—critics all are ready made.

They who know the most

Must mourn the deepest o'er the fatal truth,

The tree of Knowledge is not that of Life.

Devotion wafts the mind above,

But Heaven itself descends in love.

But where of ye, O Tempests ! is the goal ?

Are ye like those within the human breast ?

Or do ye find at length, like eagles, some high
nest ?

Who thinks of self when gazing on the sky ?

Alas ! too like in confidence are each

For man to trust to mortal look or speech ;

From deeds, and deeds alone, may he discern

Truths which it wings the unpracticed heart to
learn.

1890.
December

1814-1873.

Louise Muhlbach

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It is easier to conquer on the field of battle than to combat prejudices, than to extirpate abuses.

We are only charmed with that for which we long ; when once attained we become accustomed to it, and custom begets indifference.

In wealth lies wisdom, if one would only listen to her.

Strive for gold ; not to take, but to give. Be kind and faithful to all men ; most faithful, however, to thyself, thy honor, and thy country.

Mankind, in general, do not like to see others favored by fortune in their enterprises, and they hate him who succeeds where they have failed.

Force conquers even the philosopher.

Years, when we look back at them in the past, are but as fleeting moments ; when we look forward to them in the future, they are eternities.



1899.
December

1553-1599.

Edmund Spenser.

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Learn Him to love that lovèd thee so dear,
And in thy breast His blessed image bear.

The rolling wheel that runneth often round,
The hardest steel, in track of time doth tear ;
And drizzling drops, that often do redound,
The firmest flint doth in continuance wear.

He that hath love and judgment too,
Sees more than any other do.

Whoso upon himself will take the skill
True justice unto people to divide,
Had need have mighty hands for to fulfill
That which he doth with righteous doom
decide.

Let all that live hereby be counselled
To shun Rock of Reproach, and it as death to
dread.

The old year's sins forepast let us eschew,
And fly the faults with which we did offend.
'Then shall the new year's joy forth freshly send
Into the glooming world his glad one ray.

Loss is no shame, nor to be less than foe ;
But to be lesser than himself doth mar
Both loser's lot and victor's praise also.



1890.
December

Edith Thomas.

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All around him Patmos lies,
Who hath spirit gifted eyes,
Who his happy sight can suit
To the great and the minute.

With law dwells liberty ; law maketh free ;
Fly law, and thou dost forge thyself a chain.

Where dost thou hide, To-morrow ?
Thou callest, and I hear thee ;
I haste, but come not near thee :
Where dost thou guide, To-morrow ?

Let anger find of breath,
And hatred find its grave ;
For Heaven still waits to give
As Heaven in old-time gave.

Good-will on earth ! Good-will
Among well-pleasured men,
Who carve the ways whereby
Their King shall come again,—

How rich am I to whom the Orient sends
Such gifts as yonder fair and liberal Day.

Love itself cannot bestow,
Heaven bestowed Love long ago.



1890.
December

1826-1887.

Dinah Maria Craik.

Why do we heap huge mounds of years
Before us and behind,
And scorn the little days that pass
Like angels on the wind?

There is no condemnation so sure as that
of a person who knows absolutely nothing of
what he condemns.

A friend stands at the door ;
In either tight-closed hand
Hiding rich gifts, three hundred and three score ;
Waiting to strew them daily o'er the land
Even as seed the sower.

Friend, come thou like a friend,

And whether bright thy face,

Or dim with clouds we cannot comprehend ;

We'll hold our patient hands, each in his place,
And trust thee to the end ;

Knowing thou leadest onward to those spheres
Where there are neither days, nor months, nor
years.

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31

THURSDAY

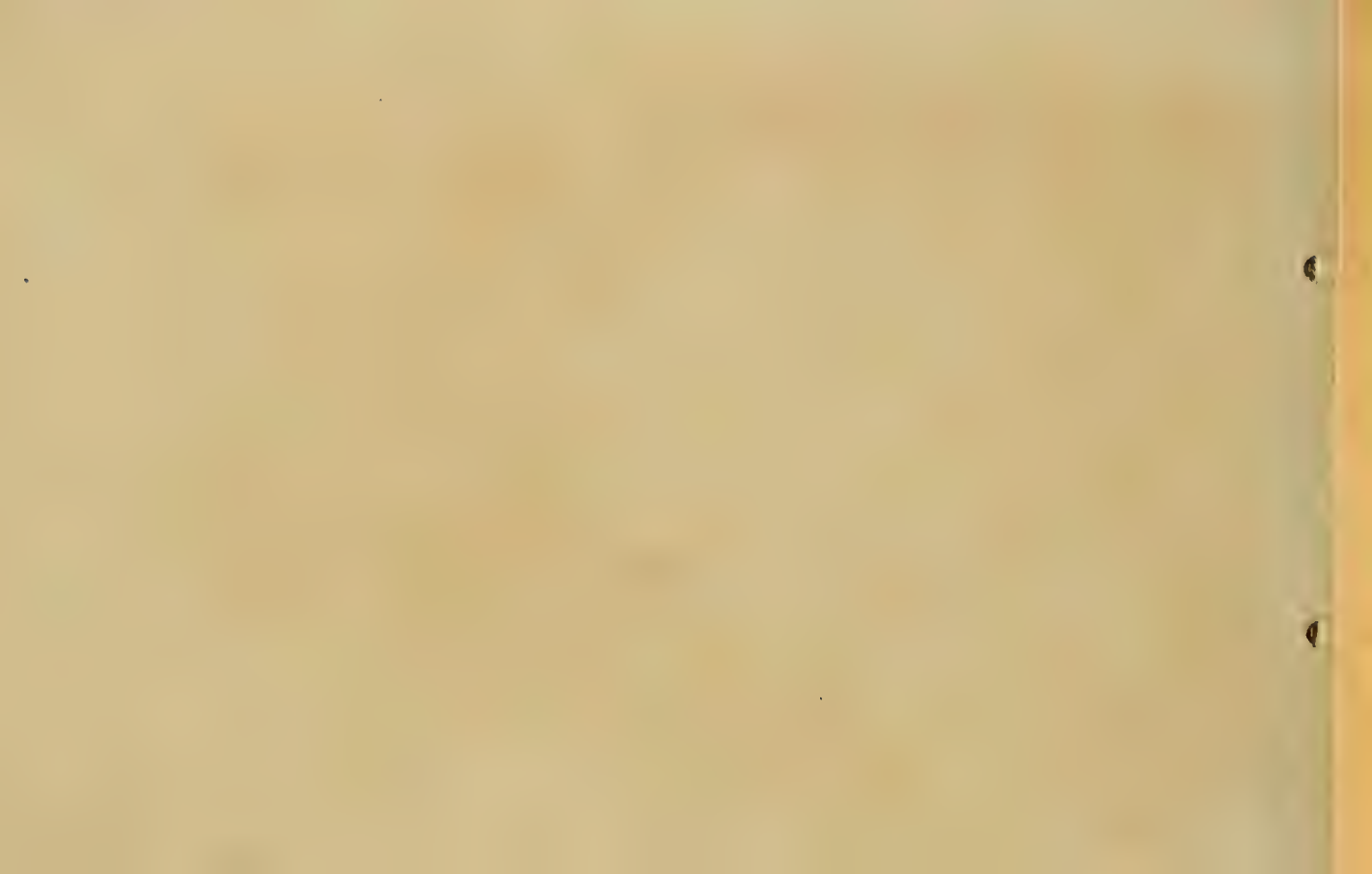
FRIDAY

SATURDAY



1890

JAN.							JULY						
Sun.	Mon.	Tue.	Wed.	Thu.	Fri.	Sat.	Sun.	Mon.	Tue.	Wed.	Thu.	Fri.	Sat.
..	1	2	3	4	1	2	3	4	5
9	6	7	8	9	10	11	13	14	15	16	17	18	19
12	13	14	15	16	17	18	20	21	22	23	24	25	26
19	20	21	22	23	24	25	27	28	29	30	31
26	27	28	29	30	31
..
FEB.							AUGUST						
..	1	1	2
2	3	4	5	6	7	8	10	11	12	13	14	15	16
9	10	11	12	13	14	15	17	18	19	20	21	22	23
16	17	18	19	20	21	22	24	25	26	27	28	29	30
23	24	25	26	27	28	..	31
..
MARCH							SEPT'R						
..	1	..	1	2	3	4	5	6
2	3	4	5	6	7	8	..	7	8	9	10	11	12
9	10	11	12	13	14	15	14	15	16	17	18	19	20
16	17	18	19	20	21	22	21	22	23	24	25	26	27
23	24	25	26	27	28	..	28	29	30
30	31
..
APRIL							OCT'R						
..	1	3	4
6	7	8	9	10	11	12	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
13	14	15	16	17	18	19	12	13	14	15	16	17	18
20	21	22	23	24	25	26	19	20	21	22	23	24	25
27	28	29	30	26	27	28	29	30	31	..
..
MAY							NOV'R						
..	3	1	2
4	5	6	7	8	9	10	7	8
11	12	13	14	15	16	17	9	10	11	12	13	14	15
18	19	20	21	22	23	24	16	17	18	19	20	21	22
25	26	27	28	29	30	31	23	24	25	26	27	28	29
..	30
..
JUNE							DEC'R						
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	..	1	2	3	4	5	6
8	9	10	11	12	13	14	..	7	8	9	10	11	12
15	16	17	18	19	20	21	14	15	16	17	18	19	20
22	23	24	25	26	27	28	21	22	23	24	25	26	27
29	30	28	29	30	31
..





Deacidified using the Bookkeeper process.
Neutralizing agent: Magnesium Oxide
Treatment Date: Jan. 2009

PreservationTechnologies

A WORLD LEADER IN COLLECTIONS PRESERVATION

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